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WEST SAXON

SPRING 1936



THE WEST SAXON

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Spring Term, 1936.



University College, Southampton

CONTENTS.

	<i>Page</i>
EDITORIAL	59
IN A GREENGROCER'S SHOP	61
ANECDOTE	62
"I SAID"	64
ENGLAND FROM THE OUTSIDE	65
"MY HEART IS HUNGERED FOR MUSIC"	67
IN DEFENCE OF NEGRO AND JAZZ	68
TRANSLATIONS—	
AN ENCOURAGEMENT TO HAPPINESS	70
QUESTION AND ANSWER	73
THIS MUSIC	71
"THE DOG BENEATH THE SKIN"	74
VERZWEIFELUNG	77
THE GANG	78
QUO VADIMUS?	80
DREAM VISION	82
CORRESPONDENCE	86
FACULTY SOCIETY NOTES	92
HALL NOTES	93
SOCIETIES	95
ATHLETICS	100

279 c.

EDITORIAL.



The last number of the *West Saxon* was given a very critical reception, which was pleasing because it showed that it did at least contain matter sufficiently stimulating to arouse either strong approval or equally strong condemnation. We personally still think that it was a good number, but we were pleased to receive, and consider, the criticisms which were made. This issue is more varied in its nature; despite a few very notable exceptions the contents as a whole are not of a high standard. As we pointed out in our previous editorial, those who do write habitually have been very reticent in submitting material with the consequence that a considerable amount of space has been filled with articles rushed off by a valiant band of helpers who came to the rescue of the harassed editor.

We have tried the experiment of printing some German verse and translations. One of the translators has pointed out the difficulties of his art, but we hope that his example will stimulate others to compete with him. Some of the letters published in the last issue have brought forth replies, which were so numerous that we have selected those which dealt with the controversial subjects most widely and fully. Considerable space has been given to the Rhythm Club controversy, because we feel that any subject about which students do feel at all strongly should find expression in the College Magazine.

The sales of the last number were slightly larger than usual, but were not large enough. The increase in sales was due to the energetic work of those who hawked the Magazine in the hostels and about College, and also to the purchases of the staff who were offered the Magazine at the same price as students. We would point out to those who do not realise the high cost of printing, that sixpence does not represent the real price of the *West Saxon*. The deficit is made good from Union funds so that every student automatically pays for the production of the Magazine. It is, therefore, clearly to the interest of each individual member of the Union to buy a copy as

he, or she, has already nearly paid for one, and the additional sixpence is a comparatively small surcharge. To those members of staff who realise our difficulties and have paid more than the nominal price, we are very grateful. If the *West Saxon* had a guaranteed circulation of four hundred and fifty, the drain on Union funds would be considerably reduced. The expenses are lessened by the number of advertisements which we are able to obtain, but business firms quite justly expect some return for their expenditure, and we therefore request all our readers to deal with the firms who make use of our columns.

We should like to congratulate Mr. P. G. Wickens on being elected President of the Union for 1936-7 and wish him every success in his office. It is to be hoped that the improvements in the Union which we have welcomed this year, will be continued.

The experimental issue of a College Newspaper should receive a great welcome. A newspaper can contain articles of a topical but passing interest, which are of importance from week to week, but which tend to be forgotten, or to have lost their value by the end of term. A weekly survey of College sport, thought and humour, should be eagerly consumed by everyone. The success of the paper should result in a greater knowledge of College life as a whole and should break down the separation still unfortunately dividing various sections of students.

The Editor recently proposed an amendment to the Union Constitution by which he and his successors shall become members of the Students' Council without the power to vote. In this way he will be an observer of Union affairs and should be in closer touch with student opinion as represented by the Council. This does not, of course, imply that he gives up the right to criticise the Council if he considers that it is not acting in accord with the wishes of the majority of students. In the past the mass of students have ignored the elections for what should be the important position of editor of the Magazine. They have tended to be content that the editor should be a student chosen from the English department either by the Students' Council or by the ex-editor. We advise you therefore to think carefully about the type of Magazine you want and about a fit person to edit it, and hope that the next elections will be keenly contested.

IN A GREENGROCER'S SHOP.



DEFEATED, O royal fruit,
O nobly curved bananas with sleek skins,
hiding treasures of snowy lusciousness,
O fireskinned oranges
aglow with the fierce sun of Palestine,
and you, O rosy apples
fresh as the cheeks of English village children,
pale fragrant lemons dreaming
of moonlight in Italy,
fat jovial striped green marrows
like farmers in a nursery rhyme—
all are defeated.

For Death has come into the shop :
she's an old woman drest in rusty black,
a small black hat is percht upon her head
and golden spectacles upon her thin red nose ;
she's talking amiably
with condescension to the white jacketed
young shopman :
she's telling him to listen in to-night
to Western Regional :
'There's such an interesting talk
at five past seven, don't forget,
you really mustn't miss it !'
She goes on talking glibly, glowing
with conscious rectitude for she is Doing Good,
helping to Educate a Nice Young Man.

Defeated, O royal fruit :
Death cannot see you : she rides on in triumph
charioted on a cloud of thin grey words.

V. DE S. P.



ANECDOTE.



SAT down outside the "Crown" beside old Tom Moore one morning last summer, on the bench that overlooks the village green. Old Tom has lived in the village all his life and has never been out of it, " 'cept once a year when they 'ad the fair in Eastbury," as he put it. He was quite content to sit outside the pub in the summer watching the younger people enjoying themselves, and he was always ready to talk about the changes he had seen, if you helped to improve his memory with a tankard of ale.

On this occasion he was talking about the way all the village lads go to the cinema at Eastbury, when he was interrupted by the new vicar—a young man of about thirty—who bade us good morning.

" 'E be a nice lad, the parson. 'E mind me o' the young gentleman we 'ad afore poor Parson Chambers; that's nigh on seventy year ago—when I was the youngest farm 'and up at Farmer Goodwin's. Did I ever tell you about young Parson Webster?"

"No, I don't think so," I replied. "What about your tankard?" I asked.

"I'll 'ave some more mild, if you please, Mr. John." I went inside the "Crown" and replenished our tankards. Old Tom took a big sip and went on:

"When Parson Thomson, who was in the parish before Parson Webster, died, old Squire Holt got a young man from over Girstone way for vicar. This were a change after 'aving old Parson Thomson, who was nearly ninety-five when 'e died, and a surprise too when we 'eard 'e wasn't married. Well, 'e 'adn't been 'ere two weeks when we lads noticed that all the village girls were dressing themselves up a bit more'n usual on Sunday, an' they used to 'ang about the green outside the Church after morning service. All the ladies too, they were buzzing round 'im like a lot o' bees, shewing off their daughters and asking 'im round to tea. We all guessed something was bound to 'appen; 'e'd 'ave to take one of 'em sooner or later if 'e was going to stop 'em all chasing after 'im. But 'e wouldn't 'ave nothing to do with 'em, and 'e used to walk back from Church with Mrs. Granby as used to keep 'ouse for 'im, so as they didn't worry 'im on the way 'ome. Real shameless they were.

"It was after 'e'd been parson for about six months that somebody said as 'ow they'd seen Parson walking out with Squire's daughter Cecily. This did for the village girls good an' proper. I used to see 'im often of a summer afternoon walking with 'er out by

Farmer Goodwin's cornfield. Then we 'eard in the village that Squire Holt didn't 'old with 'is daughter carrying on with Parson like that, and so I didn't see 'em walking out any more.

"Miss Cecily, she was a very pretty girl, and 'eadstrong too, and when Parson Webster used to preach on a Sunday morning, you could see 'e 'ad 'is eye fixed on 'er the 'ole time.

"Nothing was 'eard of 'em till one day I was fixing a gate as come unhinged right over on the fur side o' Farmer Goodwin's, when I 'appened to go over to the other side o' the gate an' there I saw Parson Webster and Squire's daughter sitting under an 'edge a little way off. They saw me, an' got up an' came over to me. Miss Cecily looked up and said : ' You know my father doesn't approve of this Tom ; so you won't say anything, will you ? ' Parson, 'e just stood by an' looked ashamed. I knew my place an' said o' course I wouldn't tell, an' they went off towards Rigby Down. Next Sunday Parson was very nervous right through service, an' Miss Cecily wasn't there at all, so I wondered if Squire 'ad found out. I was out mowing hay near where I'd seen them two days later, but they didn't come that way. When I got back to the village that evening, I 'eard that Parson 'ad run away with Miss Cecily and that they were going to get married. Squire was raging an' sending people all over the place to try an' find 'em, but for a whole week nothing was 'eard of them.

"Then one of Farmer Goodwin's men was out rabbiting an' found Parson Webster lying under an 'edge with 'is throat cut ; must 'ave been there a week."

"And what happened to her ? " I asked. "Oh, it seems they were going to run away, but instead o' meeting 'im she went to an aunt out Hillsford way, and when 'e found she didn't come 'e killed 'imself. She came back and after about a year married Farmer Cole's son."

G. C. S.





SAID :

"No one is safe with her about,
But I am,
Because I know something of her lurid past
Which she thinks he doesn't,

And it's funny
Because really he does."

"She is very upset
Because some people were discussing us the other day,
And they said

We were rowdy and irresponsible,
Noisy and quite irresponsible,
But not quite as bad as that crowd over there,
Which, of course, is a relief.
She seems to think that it matters,
But I said

'Everyone that is anyone is one of us
So he must be guilty too.'
So obviously it doesn't really matter
So I said."

"She said you never knew
What people were saying here,
One moment they were telling you
What they did last Saturday night
and the next
They were telling someone else
That you weren't doing what you said you were doing,
So obviously you couldn't remember,
Which, as you see, must mean
Something low.

But I said
If you knew you weren't
What did it matter what people thought
As long as the people who count didn't think
So I said."



ENGLAND FROM THE OUTSIDE.



OLITICAL speeches on the continent frequently refer to England either as an example of complete freedom or unshaken conservatism. This is partly contradictory in itself and this impression of contradiction even remains when the foreign visitor stays in this country for a considerable time. But it is his duty to see the genuine forces behind the things, to analyse them and to destroy the farspread opinion of "Perfidious Albion" often uttered so superficially.

When coming to England the average mortal who cannot afford to look at our little world from above, has still to undergo some hardships unusual in modern travel comfort. If he is lucky he has only to face a strong breeze, if not—then at least the fishes are lucky. If his brain is still able to act moderately well and he realises (with a certain feeling of satisfaction) that the same must happen to the Englishmen going abroad, then—despite of his feeling dead sick—he gets a marvellous lesson on English insularity which gives him the key for the understanding of two characteristic points in English politics, both foreign and home policy.

The influence of this insularity on foreign politics is this. It does not fail to create a lack of ability to understand other nations or to feel their needs and wishes. England has not got the question of minorities, which in continental countries may lead to an understanding of the neighbour. Resulting from that she has developed an attitude of applying their own standards and measurements to purely foreign affairs (which seems to the foreigner as strange as if we would replace the continental handy decimal system by the odd measurement of feet, yards and miles). She sometimes plays a part of being the international judge, to-day partly through the League of Nations (Danzig conflict).

This attitude is naturally bound to arouse the suspicion and disapproval of the nations concerned. For it may be of practical value to colonial peoples, but is not to be applied among equals. But it seems that there is just now a change going on partly due to the fact that England has to care about the wishes of the Dominions which are anxious to be treated as equal partners. So for the sake of the Empire it will learn to correct her whole attitude. The Anglo-German Naval Agreement seems to be a step forward in that direction. So far the international consequences of England's peculiar position. The internal political life is naturally still much more affected by it and that is still more highly complex, thus being a constant source



for misrepresentation abroad. What puzzles the foreigner most is the living together of old institutions which still preserve their power and modern progress and freedom. I should like to compare this paradox of public life with the language which causes so much trouble to the foreigner. It has nothing superfluous left, nearly all having been dropped. The grammar is as simple as possible. It is precise, clear, impressive: an "advanced language" (Dr. Potter). But—sacred conservatism still reigns in spelling and pronunciation.

These relics, as well as in public life, are strong and reveal a very obstinate vigour for life. The House of Lords, the proceedings in the House of Commons, the Universities, they all are full of tradition meaningless to the modern citizen. French formulae still conclude the last meeting of the House of Commons. Who knows the "Warden of the Cinque Ports"? At the coronation of a new king there is still a passage inviting those to a duel who oppose the right of heritage of the new sovereign. And their hat and gown (sometimes it is true hardly to be identified as such) as academic dress. This is not merely facade. There is something behind it, at least still to-day, though the younger generation may assault it.

But is even the younger generation so free and unbound to any convention as it pretends to be? It certainly has the freedom—sacred freedom as the result of a centuries long struggle—to develop in any direction it likes. But does the individual dare to leave the boundaries which are set to the "type"? And if so, will he have the opportunity to be of some service to the state afterwards? As long as the Eton—Oxford way is the best way into offices and colonial positions, certainly not. The institutions which form the type are too strong to yield a wide space for individual development. It may be allowed within the type. If he should dare to free himself completely he is either liable to become unpopular, as Macdonald, or he has to hide his outspoken opinion behind a rather sarcastic and witty humour as Shaw does it. (But we must not forget that it was this type that made England great and which still to-day steers "Old England" cleverly through the rough seas of present day politics, with Mr. Baldwin in command). Surely there is wide field left to private initiative, probably wider than anywhere else. I was in a Work Camp run by privates to help the unemployed miners in Cleveland. What prevented this undertaking from being a complete success was the lack of help from some official side. Rules, laws, institutions and—habit were too strong against us. All these factors may create a feeling of apathy in this country towards political affairs. At least it appears thus to the foreigner

who has seen General Elections in several countries and Communist meetings in England and elsewhere. But they are in the same time factors of stability, a feature so characteristic for British policy and so obviously missing in other real democratic countries. It seems to the foreigner sometimes that the whole complicated machinery works by itself guarded by many "police-men" not to rush to any extreme. This results in an attitude of the people formulated by Ralph Strauss: I honestly believe that a really important football match might be sufficient to stop, or at any rate to postpone, any attempt of a revolution.

KONG.



Y heart is hungered for music
For rounded ray smooth-shining silk to touch spire of
light

Anchoring

Stars of the spirit a thousand miles yonder tonight.

Ah, bodily splendour the hardness of muscle the flame of thy flesh
Ever be touching is cloying is clogging down-bearing,
The sinew and muscle for fighting for winging uplifting
For lark April gusted beech bowing windscudded fish leaping
For living for raising the spirit ascending skylimbing to God.
My spirit flesh-weary is hungered for music
The minor the blue-grey the rain-wet
The backstairs to God.

PHYLLIS M. SHIELDS.

IN DEFENCE OF NEGRO AND JAZZ.



WHEN will people cease to criticise something about which, they are entirely ignorant; learn to give anything at least one fair trial; be honest with themselves and pass an unbiased criticism?

The utterly ridiculous and erroneous views not a few people have concerning Jazz and Music generally, are due to this, and to the fact that they have been led by the crowd.

There appears to be two extreme types of individual: the "musical snob," who would like you to think that he appreciates the "masters" because it's the fashion, and the "bright young things" who think this "hot" music is great fun. The former loathe Jazz, and murmur something about "Negro origin"; "Product of heathen barbarians"; "crude rhythm of tomtoms"; the latter say exactly the same things in a different tone of voice.

Why is it that many are, musically, so narrow minded as to refuse to discuss seriously any music other than their "idol," and still less willing to listen to it? True lovers of music should allow Negro music its place in the world of to-day along with other Folk music, just as the truest of Rhythm fans must realise the shortcomings of Jazz.

Contrary to the popular conception of "Hot" music, the best "Swing Music" is notable for its restraint and beautifully flowing phrases; for its feeling, sincerity and tone colour. Fundamentally, it differs from classical music in that each instrumentalist is his own composer, expressing something from the soul by means of improvisation on his instrument. Considering the limitations of a 4/4 rhythm, it would be difficult to find any music so emotionally expressive and free from the fetters of musical convention. In many cases records are only made when the musicians are gathered together for the sheer joy of expressing their emotions in music—feelings they could not express in words. Naturally, for such a high degree of improvisation, the performer must necessarily be highly skilled on his instrument, so much so that the music should flow from the instrument with little or no thought for instrumental technique or note production. Far from being crude then, Negro music is highly technical and has certainly bred a new race of virtuosi.

Your honorable correspondent of last term could not have realised that he was displaying his miserable ignorance of Swing Music, otherwise he would not have poured forth so much worthless pedantry. He puts forward no relevant arguments against rhythmic

music, because he was so preoccupied with patriotism and racial prejudice. He consistently harps on the pitiful fact that the people were oppressed—"savages"—"slaves"—"barbarians," but with his superior intellect he should not forget that the North American Negro was oppressed by the white man—perhaps his ancestors who sailed from Wessex in the "Mayflower"! He has certainly captured the fighting spirit of these noble people and evidently insists that the Negro should remain downtrodden, with little or no personality of his own—in other words he favours slavery.

Swing Music, commonly called "Hot Jazz" owing to a misunderstanding of the subject, is the natural folk-music of the North American negro. Mr. Gravett becomes hopelessly muddled when referring to the origin of Negro music. In the same sentence he speaks of "an enslaved race," evidently referring to the North American negro, and follows with "tom-toms and other uncouth instruments devised by debased and semi-human minds" and "heathen barbarians," most certainly referring to the S. African negro. Quoting "Spike" Hughes, the most successful British composer of music in the Negro idiom and a music critic of repute :—

"To Western ears all music which is primarily rhythmic must perforce be 'barbaric.' And yet, if we listen to the music of an artist like Shaun-Kar, the Hindu dancer, his music is at once rhythmic and highly sophisticated. Which gets us nowhere.

"Folk-music is the same fundamentally all over the world. You will find the same melodic cadences in Irish music as in Jewish, in Russian as in Spanish ; the same accepted rhythms in Scottish as in Hungarian dances. The pure folk-tune is as elemental, as universal, as the shaking of the head for 'no' or nodding for 'yes.'

"When the Negro was transported to America, the white man, with his customary missionary determination, taught him his hymns. The White Man's God, thought the Negro, must be fairly important if, by singing these hymns, the white man is such a free and superior being. The Negro took to singing these hymns with one eye well focussed on the Promised Land ; but having a definite musical personality of his own, he elaborated and altered these alien hymns until they became his own personal expression.

"The Negro found that his religious music, called commonly the 'Spiritual,' no longer sufficed to give expression to his every-day secular feelings. The Spiritual was developed ; the rhythmic element latent in all 'uncivilised' (i.e., oppressed) peoples became stronger

in the Negro's music. He began to dance again for the first time in his new country ; his music became less vocal, more instrumental. But it remained folk-music, anonymous, improvised, essentially personal."

R. D. WHEAL.



AN ENCOURAGEMENT TO HAPPINESS.

LIFE'S troubles can never weary
Him, who still has youth and joy ;
To him the days seem never dreary,
Nor doth worry his pleasure cloy.

Still the rippling stream is gaily running,
The foliage is cool and green ;
The moon is still as brightly shining
As when it was by Adam seen.

Glistening wine of dormant power
A love-lorn, aching heart can still ;
While in the darkness of the evening hour,
A kiss from full, red lips can thrill.

The nightingales there in the bush
Sing out their songs to wondering youth ;
Their sound brings on a peaceful hush
And a troubled soul doth gently sooth.

Wondrous beautiful is God's Earth,
Made for the benefit of man ;
So, till I find a heavenly berth,
Never will I pleasure ban.

Translated from the German :

Aufmunterung zur Freude.

by LUDWIG HÖLTY.

THIS MUSIC.



NE can tolerate the existence of both highbrows and jazz-fiends. But a combination of the two is a freak contrary to nature. The latest news—hot from a notorious Rhythm Club (so-called) reports a regrettably serious tone amongst a certain group of earnest individuals. Now jazz is all very well in its proper place, which is the Dance hall. The quality of the modern walk-cum-double-shuffle is sufficient illustration of its appropriateness here. But when we hear solid and otherwise respectable jazz-lovers defending their vice by an appeal to the Higher Criticism, and talking a lot of twaddle about jazz introducing new art forms, and re-vitalizing music through the medium of negro folk-tunes—well, it's time we assessed jazz at its proper value.

Turning from musical fanatics to the man "who knows a good tune when he hears one," what do we find? His attitude is typified in such a comment as this. I was listening to some Wagner the other day, and was asked, "Why do you listen to such stuff? You don't understand it." A far-reaching criticism this, if the author of the remark fully appreciated it. This opinion, that the appreciation of good music is an intellectual exercise, and necessitates the acquisition of a body of technical knowledge, is pernicious and totally erroneous. There is no royal road, no short cut to musical enjoyment. If there were, the cheap publishers would not have delayed in taking advantage of it. We should have seen the appearance of "What every Young Man should know about Music," "The Plain Man's Guide to Music" and so on. Look at it from the composer's point of view. There is no composers' vade-mecum. Many of the greatest musicians, including the late Sir Edward Elgar, were largely self-taught. You can teach scoring for jazz, that is the conventions of jazz orchestration, just as schools of journalism can teach the popular idioms and demands of the moment. But great composers cannot be made by teaching any more than great writers, and appreciation is only a complementary aspect of the same aesthetic function as composition, although it is naturally far commoner than creative power. The plain man wants to know what he can get out of good music, as though he were speaking of an investment. To which any sound financier would reply, what can you put into it? For the enjoyment of music, like its creation, is largely a personal matter, depending on individual temperament and moods.

This is where jazz fails. Who could tell the work of one jazz composer from that of another? The fact is that in jazz it is the technical apparatus which makes the music, not the composer. Any individual element is over-loaded with the conventional tricks fashionable at the moment. Novelty is the criterion of success. A stale jazz tune is less acceptable than last year's fashions. Novelty is all that jazz can lay claim to—not originality. Any musician who chooses to do a bit of pot-boiling in the field of jazz will be the first to admit that harmonically it is at least thirty years behind the times; that it generally employs only one musical form; and that the saxophone was in use half a century before jazz was thought of. The introduction of so-called "classical" forms into jazz by such men as Gershwin was appreciated purely as a novelty, and soon became out of fashion. Then again, the playing of jazz depends very largely upon the band and the conductor's ideas on musical stunts. The position is analogous to the early days of music when a performer was given a skeleton score from which to play, and expected to know where to insert suitable ornaments and embellishments, and even to adjust his own harmony according to the figured bass which often replaced the written score. But later composers, Beethoven above all others, were careful always to insert full directions as to interpretation. It is interpretation as against improvisation. And whereas improvisation is necessarily a matter of broad outlines, interpretation necessitates exactness of detail. Tolstoy insisted on the importance of the "wee bit" in art. The piano-accordion, on the other hand, appeals through the crudity of its harmonies and the violence of its contrasts in volume.

The jazz composer is compelled to resort to sensational effects to hide the fact that he has nothing musically to impart. And novelty wears off. The great composers, however, have frequently altered their medium for precisely the opposite reason—that they have a great deal to impart, more than can be easily expressed in the existing medium. It is but rarely that one can appreciate a great work to the full on a first hearing, however much one may be moved by it, and however much technical knowledge of music one possesses. There is only one road to musical appreciation, and that is to listen, and to go on listening. But heaven forbid that one should listen continually to jazz—asylum accommodation is insufficient. Now while I enjoy good literature, I like a thriller for a night off now and then. But how mortally sick one would get of a literary diet solely of thrillers. One is led to suspect that the jazz-fiend who defends his weakness by appealing to our aesthetic emotions needs a change

of diet—in other words, that satiety has set in and deprived his vice of its former attractions. He stands convicted of that most heinous of highbrow offences—affectedness.

AN EXPLANATION.



HOSE who have already read these translations, received them with various comments. But the general opinion seemed to be, that they were mostly balderdash, springing from second-hand emotion. Thus it was with some fear that I offered them to the *West Saxon*, hoping that your opinions might be more favourable.

That they spring from second-hand emotion, I am quite prepared to admit. For he is genius who can retain in translations, all the original feelings of the authors of these poems. And I am by no means a genius, nor have I had the experiences which inspired the writers of these masterpieces of German poetry.

Thus I should like you to regard these translations more as literary exercises than anything. And when you read them, please remember the difficulties which a translator into verse has to overcome; above all consider the problem of how it is possible, while retaining the original metre and rhyme scheme, to catch the spirit of the poem and the atmosphere which breathes through it.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.



HENCE comes this love so frightened
Into my sad and weary heart,
Why have I left my soul unbrightened
And not removed this angry smart?

Why doth the wind with ghost-like speed
Drive the sails till they whistle and sing,
And what force doth the waters lead
From their deeply hidden spring?

Can you stop the wind in its course,
Or quell its maddening, frightening roar,
Or halt with some strange, magic force
The springs that rise from the earth's deep core?

Translated from the German: "*Frage und Antwort.*"

by EDUARD MÖRIKE.

THE DOG BENEATH THE SKIN.



HIS curiously titled play by W. H. Auden and C. Isherwood is at present running at the Westminster Theatre and we advise as many students as possible to see it. The whole theme of the play is frankly anti-Fascist propaganda. If you sympathise with the anti-Fascist movement, you will enjoy the clever way in which Fascism and Fascist tendencies are exposed; if you do not sympathise, you will boil with rage, which will probably be good for you.

The setting of the play is very simple. Steps lead up from the auditorium to the stage; there are a few simple properties and little scenery, most of the scenes being performed in front of a pastel background. Very effective use is made of shadows, especially in a railway carriage scene in which the shadows of trees and telegraph poles move quickly across the background, thus conveying the sensation of movement. Some of the actors make their exits and entrances through the auditorium, and so, in this small building, destroy the feeling of detachment which is usual in the modern theatre.

Much of the dialogue is in verse. W. H. Auden succeeds in showing that poetry which is based on the living, spoken language can be as suited for the drama as Shakespeare's poetry was for the glories of the Elizabethan stage. Conservative readers need not be frightened at the idea of "modern verse"; Auden's poetry here is not of the "difficult" kind usually associated with the name of T. S. Eliot; it is clear, swift-moving and vivid. As with the Elizabethan dramatists, Auden uses description in the place of scenery and phrases such as "the map-like Frisian" (I quote from memory) show how telling a simple observation, which "oft was thought but ne'r so well expressed," can be made.

The play is introduced by "The Witnesses," two masked speakers, who stand at the side of the stage and comment on the action in the same way as Hardy's "Spirits" would do if "The Dynasts" could be performed, or as the Chorus did in the Greek theatre. The Witnesses ask us to imagine some English village which we know, and present us with this village symbolised in the first scene by the name of Pressan Ambo. We are shown a school treat in a Vicarage garden, the Vicar, his Curate, the Scoutmaster and his scouts, General and Mrs. Hotham and others are present. This little group is a caricature of English village society and the types are well portrayed, from the "modern" curate in his shorts

to Mildred Luce, a widow who laments her two sons killed in the war, and bitterly attacks any modern tendencies which make for friendship with the Germans. The business of the day is to appoint someone to find the lost heir to the Crewe family who has disappeared. Alan Norman, a popular young man, is chosen to seek for the lost baronet ; if he succeeds in a year he is to marry Iris Crewe, the lost heir's sister. The Dog, unwanted in the village, decides to accompany Norman on his travels.

On his way across the channel Norman falls in with two journalists, who are interested in the dog which drinks whiskey on the boat. A series of scenes shows us the chaos and madness of the modern world through which Norman's quest takes him. In "A Street in the Red Light District" Norman has to pay money before he can obtain answers to his questions ; then he is told that many Englishmen have been known to spend a night there, but they do not stay. Dopey Jim, a native of Pressan Ambo and a former seeker for the lost man, relates how he has been dragged into the underworld and, doomed, cannot return to England. In Westland Norman is thrown into a lunatic asylum because he had been unable to give an account of what he wanted to the authorities, and because he could not sing "the Westland song." The lunatics are satirical representations of the followers of fascist dictators. One stands in a Napoleon-like attitude, while another, thin, sallow and lank-haired, frequently raises his arm to the salute. The "voice of the Leader" declares Westland's peaceful intentions, for which she needs a mighty air force, the description of which leaves the lunatics in a frenzy. Led by the Dog, the journalists get into the asylum ; one easily beguiles the hostile inmates by shouting drill orders to them, while the other unties Norman so that they escape. In later scenes other figures of modern life are satirised : Grabstein, the big capitalist, who is unhappy because nobody loves him ; a professor, aloof on a tree, lost in the ancient languages and in the idealist philosophy, declares that all reality is within his head and that nothing outside is real—until the Dog bites him. Painters, poets and lovers are equally lost in idealist abstractions, while two invalids are interested only in operations and diseases. We are shown a hospital in which the Surgeon, successful as a rugger player, is in the midst of an operation when the light fails. In the confusion which follows the patient is injected with nitric acid instead of a drug and dies ; each blames his subordinate and in a huff the Surgeon threatens to leave the hospital—and its rugger team. In the "Nineveh Hotel" Norman is seduced by the beautiful Lou Vipond and deserts his faithful dog ; when his

money is gone she throws him aside and he only escapes by the help of the dog who has thrown off his skin to reveal the missing baronet.

Norman, Crewe and the journalists return to Pressan Ambo where Iris Crewe is about to be married to a wealthy middle-aged man. When Crewe reveals himself, the dog beneath skin, kicked and abused by all, as the heir to the village, he is spurned by everyone and accused of bolshevism. In vain he points out that there are enough good things in the world to be shared by everyone, and that people like General Hotham are afraid of a new society because, relying only on intrinsic merits, they would be of little account. He reveals that the Germanophobe Mildred Luce has never been married or had children, but that her engagement with a German cavalry officer was broken off because of the ties of her home life. In her anger she shoots Crewe; and the journalists, after assuring the vicar that this incident is too far removed from the "truth" to be of use to their papers, go away and leave Pressan Ambo in peace.

Such is "The Dog Beneath The Skin"—easy to criticise, ugly perhaps, but representing a new force to be reckoned with in the theatre. Auden puts too much stress on psycho-analysis and does not always show sufficiently clearly the connection between neurosis and modern conditions of life. It can be said that the satire is too exaggerated; that the whole play is solely destructive; it is true because Auden attempts to show the forces of destruction at work in the world to-day, the forces which attack science, burn the books, worship brute force and lead the world back to barbarism. It is the purpose of satire to exaggerate; the only pertinent consideration is whether Auden's giant grotesque is too depressing or too savage. This can only be decided by individual taste; consider "The Dog Beneath the Skin" *in relation to existing social conditions* and compare it with the ugly, grotesque and savage writings of Dunbar, or the Donne of the satires, *in relation to the conditions of their time* and then make your decision. We venture to suggest that, whether you like it or not, modern poets will depart farther and farther from idealist individualism and "art for art's sake," and be concerned more and more with modern conditions of life. The glamour of factory chimneys and pylons, the "keen unpassioned beauty of a great machine," are obvious enough, but the less obvious wretches, who suffer because of the modern failure to organise society on a rational intelligent basis, will find, more and more, champions amongst the writers to whom their distress becomes increasingly apparent. Poetry is not a delicate hothouse plant, but a lusty growth; it is bound by the nature of its being to be connected with the lives of the majority of ordinary

people ; if these lives are dull, bitter and ugly, poetry will either be the same or else isolate itself amongst a small clique, but when people's lives become active and full of joy, then poetry and the drama will take a new lease on life. Do not, therefore, blame Auden and his fellows for the picture they present you, but find out how life affects people outside your sphere, and then pass judgment.

J. V. R.



VERZWEIFELUNG.



IE starren Wände ragen
Auf, vor blinden Augen
Die Luft wird rar, es plagen,
Ersticken mich und saugen
Mir das Blut heraus
Die quellenden Gedanken.



A.R.W-F-.

"I could spend a happy morning in seeing Piglet."—
A. A. Milne.

GERMAN DEPARTMENT.

"We are the music-makers."—*O'Shaughnessy.*

"THE WEST SAXON."

"Where are the songs of Spring? Aye, where are they?"—
Keats.

THE BOAT CLUB.

"What are these paintings on the walls around us?"—
Longfellow.

With thanks to "Punch." *As Others See Us.*

THE GANG.

"Hallo, Pong."

"'ro Pete."

"Where is everybody this morning?"

"Oh, labs. Cutlet's sprained her ankle."

"Eh? Oh, dashed tough! Ah,—George! You look very cheerful this morning George."

"'ro Pete, . . . Pong. Going to Simion? Spike's just been telling me the joke about the man on the roof. Ha! ha! Going to Simion?"

"It might be advisable. Have to do some work soon. Hear about Hetty, George? Old Simion was translating and Mac pinched her and she yelled out "Oi, damn!" Marvellous! "Prologue" or something, it was."

"Pretty good. Not much on this week; flicks are pretty mouldy. Boat Club going to pull old Spike's pants off though, course! Should be a marvellous game. Old Spike said he was going to wear a bathing costume, good eh? What? What, off? Oh, that's rotten."

"Nit said its off, so its off. Poor little boys."

"Pretty hot jum—"

"We'll play them if they'll give us a fixture."

"Pretty hot—"

"Let me take your spoon out of your coffee, George."

"Ah? Oh, sorry. Pretty hot jumper you've got on to-day, sort of poached egg colour. You haven't fallen in love or something? Highfield coming all over seductive."

"What do you want now, broke?"

"No, but its pretty good."

"Well folks, I've got a lec. So long."

"S'long, George."

"Cheerio."

"Cigarette?"

"Ta. Lousy morning."

"Pretty ghastly."

"Thanks. Seen Biped s'mornin'? He's got to see old Crow. Cut his last three lecs."

"Oh well. Going to Economic's Dance?"

"Dunno; you? Biped owes me three and four, I've spent a hell of a lot this week."

"D'you see "Island Love"? I missed most of it."

"Sounds as if you had a good time."

"Meaning what? No, went in late from the Bungalow. I went with Hetty. Remember when the high-priest dropped his knife and Conway said, 'It's on the floor.' Gorgeous!"

"Ha! ha! old Paul Savanki's great, isn't he?—Oh, marnin' Hetty."

"Good morning children. Filthy weather. I feel positively dishevelled."

"Been fighting again on a Common Room sofa, Hetty?"

"Now, don't be LOW, Pete. Do you think I go round trying to club all my secret passions."

"I should think they'd make quite a good club wouldn't they? The Hetty or Hotsy-Totsy Club."

"I BEG you pardon. Anyway I have to be strictly celibate this year. Finals and all that."

"D'you hear about old Biped?"

"M.m. Lovely. Oh, d'you know the story of the man on the roof."

"Good Lord, did Spike tell you? Ha! pretty marvellous. Cigarette?"

ALLYART.



QUO VADIMUS ?



HERE is no platitude more question-begging than that about students taking their places in the world : for it leaves the kind of place unconsidered and the nature of the world unjudged. Yet these are the fundamentals which must be answered, if only indirectly, because they are implied in conduct. The people of this country proudly supply a "typically English" answer : a pleasantly evasive hedonism which, more than anything else, makes national unity a reality. That political party acquires power which most appeals to the selfish instincts and sentiments of the majority or, an easier task, most convinces that the other party is threatening those sentiments or endangering the security without which they cannot be indulged. When the economic situation is one of relative prosperity for the majority, social evils are set aside as temporary misfortunes to be inevitably righted and no regard is given for the basis of prosperity or for its permanence. So that, when crisis breaks, comfortably accepted principles are cast aside or explained away in a blind thoughtless rush for a vanishing security. A united people face a national emergency.

There is nothing wrong with a demand for security : it is the instinct for self-preservation. But security in itself is valueless ; there must be an end to seek within it. The present end may be seen in periods when security is established : the selfish seeking after pleasure. The opportunity for a thoughtful appraisal of society and of the real basis of security is lost as the emotion of pseudo-political consciousness subsides.

The hedonistic attitude towards life is not confined to any particular class in society : in expression it may vary but in assumption it is the same. Each group seeks its pleasure within its own circle, according to its own criteria ; cocktails for one is beer for another, scandal, sex and the cinema are for all. Class-conscious workers are a Communist abstraction when the Labour Party has to gag the Socialist League for fear of losing votes and a National Government is swept into power so that paltry savings should not be risked.

But selfishness is not complete or entirely individual ; most of this hedonist majority are "nice people," to their praise and condemnation. Contemptuous superiority is thereby made a revolting Pharasaism. The solution of seeking higher forms of hedonism in

knowledge, art or religious mysticism by which the more conscious individual might find expression and salvation now becomes incomplete and as unacceptable as that of drugging consciousness by sensual and epicurean delights. One form of selfishness becomes no better than another when there is present in all classes a potential value which cannot, must not be ignored. The political task which faces the socially conscious minority is made more difficult, more complex. What was a problem has become a tragedy.

Where is a solution to be found? If security is to be given to all as a *sine qua non*, a necessary means to any end, it may be found that, in the achievement of the means, the end then desired has been destroyed. This is the problem which Communism does not face. But equally at fault is a religion which concerns itself only with ends, that expects souls to exist independent of their bodies. Satisfaction with the thought that all will be well when everyone is a Christian is ineffective idealism, a passive admission of the status quo to an unacceptable degree.

Can there be no synthesis between ends and means? Can men learn of true freedom in a society without equity or must equity be established before freedom be found? Shall men be taught to be free or forced to be free? Here is the dilemma which faces the socially conscious: aware of the tragedy within society, they find themselves discordant, frustrated, uncertain, incapable.

Quo Vademus?

R. C. T.



DREAM VISION.



WAS sitting reading one of those delightful books on the history of the language, whiling away those long sweet hours between 10.30 and bedtime, nodding peacefully from time to time, long after the last gurgles of bath pipes and the clinks of tea cups had died away. I dimly realised that only my sub-conscious mind could possibly be assimilating any knowledge from my precious book, for my conscious mind was blinking sleepily. I knew there wasn't any need for me to evoke the God of Sleep, and I tried vainly to shoo him away, calling upon Andora and Apollo and Ceres, because I liked the sound of their names, and Minerva because she was the Goddess of Learning, and Zeno and Psyche and Eros and a great many more, because they had nothing to do with the case, anyway, Hector and Phœbus and Pluto and Proserpine and Cassandra and a voice said very loudly,

"Wake up, stupid, you're asleep again."

"I'm not asleep," I said firmly, "I heard every word you were saying."

"Well, we've only ten minutes to catch the train, so you'll have to be sharp."

"I'm ready. I bought a new hat yesterday. I only have to powder my nose to-day, and then we can go."

"That shouldn't take long," said the gentleman, and smiled a crooked smile, and started off at a smart naval trot towards the station.

After we had waited five minutes a train came in and we got into a carriage. I was dying to ask where we were going, but my companion had his eyes fixed on an advertisement above my head and was listening with fierce attention to the conversation of the other travellers. I couldn't understand a word of it, but he was entranced. In a few minutes he smiled triumphantly and jotted something down in a note book. It didn't seem much fun to me, and I kept trying to ask him where we were going, but he always waved his hand violently and said he was very busy.

In a little while the train stopped and all the passengers except us two got out and clambered into another carriage in the next wagon.

"Well!" I said. "That isn't exactly polite. And at any rate, I haven't done anything to upset them."

"Nobody's done anything to upset them," said my companion "Perhaps it is a little disconcerting till you get used to it, but they're only the prepositions changing along the line."

"Well, I do think they might let that poor old woman rest easy a minute, she looks worn out."

"She's very overworked. But it's her own fault. She's our 'from,' Danish 'fram,' German 'frum.' She's always undertaking other people's jobs. You'll see her hopping about at every change, poking her nose into every carriage and trying to rule three compartments at once. Did you notice some of the interesting things she was saying?"

"I didn't notice anything. I couldn't understand it."

"Oh, that's a pity. I noticed some very interesting things in the conversation."

"You shouldn't have been listening to their conversation, and you certainly shouldn't repeat it," I said, although I did want to know what they had been talking about; but I wasn't going to let him tell me what he wanted to, when he hadn't told me yet where we were going.

The train began to slow down again, and I popped my head out of the window to watch the old widow From dodging about. Sure enough, there she was climbing in and out of carriages, pushing in front of the slower people, jabbing them in the knees with her parcels and poking their ribs with her umbrella.

"Old English Sound Changes," shouted the guard.

"We get out here," cried my guide in some excitement. "Do hurry up." And he hurried me so much that I fell out of the carriage on to the feet of a very elegant gentleman.

"Oh dear, I'm so sorry! Have I hurt you?" I asked.

"Not-tat-tall," he answered, with some hesitation.

"An interesting doubling of the consonants," said my companion.

"Excuse me, but have you"

"Don't make me miss this train," interrupted the stranger. "I must get out of this God-forsaken-hole," and he got into the train.

"May I get back in the train?" I asked. "I mightn't like this place either, and it doesn't look as if they have many trains away from it."

"They don't. You're a very privileged visitor. Stay where you are. Even yet the place isn't fully explored."

A snake uncoiled itself at my feet and glided under a bush.

"My goodness!" I exclaimed, "I'm not. . . ."

"Don't get worried. That's quite normal. Specious compensatory lengthening. Nothing to get worried about. Purely an illusion."

"Well, I'm glad of that," I replied. "It quite upset me for a minute or two."

"Oh, don't be put off by a little thing like that," said he, "There are lots of things more interesting than that." He led the way up a winding path, and I followed, watching the train puff away.

I never was in such a nightmare land in all my life. Nothing stayed put. The hedges nearly shut us in one minute, and the next second they were well away, and we could see for miles, everything well tucked into its perspective. A privet ran into a laurel; they were both a holly bush two seconds later, and my guide ran up to examine it. I would rather have kept away, but I daren't be left alone in that awful place, so I went too. It only looked like a holly bush to me, but my companion kept darting round it chanting, "Old Low Franconian, Anglo Saxon, Low German, Old Norse, Old Frisian, Sanskrit, Latin, Greek. . . ."

"It can't be all that," I said, when I was really tired. "It's only a holly bush."

"Ah! but don't you see how it's related to them all."

"No, I don't," I screamed. "Do let's get on."

"Just let's have a look at this, it's a very interesting survival," said he, staring at an empty space between two rhododendrons.

"I can't see anything."

"No there isn't anything there. It's vanished. But there was. And it just shows you. . . ."

"How can it when it isn't there?"

"You can see where it was, can't you?"

"Oh dear. There *are* some people over there. Let's go and look at them. People are much more interesting than empty spaces."

We couldn't get there directly because there was a hedge in the way, but he produced an old razor blade and started to cut down a bush.

"Won't they mind you cutting down their hedge?"

"Why should they. We've got to get on the other side, and where we get through is our affair entirely."

"Oh, all right," I said resignedly, "but some people are fussy about their hedges. I've met one or two very snooty farmers."

He was looking very hot from hacking with this old blade, and handed it over to me. At last we did get through and found a man on a pillar, sitting like Rodin's Penseur. He looked at us out of the corner of his eye and s-s-s-s-s-ed through his teeth.

"Why does he keep saying s s s s s ? Can't he say something else ?"

"Certainly not. He hasn't got beyond that. It's his philosophy, the conception of 'being.' *Esse*, you know, and *suis* and *was* and *is*.

"Oh, and *has-been*, and. . . ."

"If you don't know anything about it, don't risk chance shots like that," he interrupted very rudely. He seemed very hurt and strode off at a tremendous rate, while I ran along behind until he stopped near a great mud pond. It wasn't very nice mud. It kept heaving about, and queer animals would emerge from the heavens and wallow through it to the banks. Suddenly a man's head came up from a swelling bubble and said 'Gn,' and the head went under again. Then he came up again and said 'Gn' and went under again.

"*Gnatus*, later *natus*, and *gnascent*, later *nascent*—being born. A most interesting primitive conception."

"How do you know all that ?" I asked. "And anyway, it might just as well be *navy* and. . . ."

"I wish you wouldn't keep interrupting, and anyway, all explanations are utterly hypothetical ; there's always a lot to be said for both sides."

"Both sides of what ?"

"The argument."

"Well, you choose your side and I'll take the other."

"It's much wiser to take a safe place above the controversy, where you can see both sides," he said, and started to climb a fence that overlooked the pool. It wobbled very much and he found it hard to manoeuvre, so I took the time to get safely away. The fence and the superimposed figure were swaying violently when I turned round and suddenly fell plomp into the pool, with a sloshing of primitive mud.

"t-t-t-t, terrible, tragic."

Sic transit gloria philogiorum.



CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the West Saxon.

DEAR SIR,



IN last term's *West Saxon* an open letter was addressed to Christian organisations in College, seeking answers to several questions which are much discussed to-day. We suggest that the basic questions were answered by Mr. Goss in his sermon on Sunday, February 9th, at St. Mary's, South Stoneham, though not as fully as we would wish.

The assumption on which the letter bases its argument was that "a Christian is one who endeavours to follow the precepts for life laid down by Christ's life and teaching, according to the New Testament." We define a Christian as one who accepts Christ into his life in order that he may be able to live according to Christ's precepts. Some will argue that this is a quibble. We think not, the difference surely is vital. The first definition speaks of human endeavour, but Christ said, "I am the vine, ye are the branches: he that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing." (This last phrase in particular should be noted).

We cannot answer for the Pope or other individuals, though certainly the sincerity of any person who professes Christianity but neglects to apply Christ's teaching may be doubted. In the same way inconsistencies of bodies offering lip service to Christ must be of deepest concern to Christians, of whom the true Church is composed. Christ Himself did not spend His time attacking social problems, but went to the root of the matter and demanded correct relationships between the individual and God. The rest follows, for "If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for if he loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how shall he love God whom he hath not seen? And this commandment have we from Him, that he who loveth God love his brother also."

Although the name of Christ is dishonoured by many who bear it, it is grossly unfair to condemn the whole because of the part. We have already defined the true Church, but does the visible Church (i.e. the generally recognised Christian bodies) shirk its responsibilities to the extent implied in the letter? Wealthy Church leaders are few, but it is these few who are noticed while the many thousands of poor clergy are commonly overlooked. Are not the

vast majority of all social works carried on through the Church or by support from Christian people (vide 'The Benevolent Societies' Year Book).

It is asked—can we as Christians live within such a Church? We maintain that it is possible and, not only possible, but the duty of every Christian, to do so rather than to stay outside and criticise from a distance; always remembering that the failure of some does not affect the fundamental tenets of the whole.

Further, humility exists in submitting to Christ rather than striving in one's own strength. Hope for the future lies in *uncompromising* obedience to Christ's commands as revealed in the New Testament and *not* as popularly conceived.

We hope we have helped any who are troubled by these matters, we know Christ can.

A. J. CUTMORE, *President.*

M. E. DONALD, *Secretary.*

On behalf of the Christian Union.

To any who may share those doubts recently formulated in these pages by Messrs. Goss and Tress.

It is impossible in the small space to which this must of necessity be confined to furnish an apologetic which, to be adequate, should be not only an answer to your accusations, but also a consideration of many side issues evoked by them. I can, however, attempt to deal however inadequately, with the main questions.

The Church then fails in that her attitude is not that of extreme Pacifism. Now in these days few thinking men would deny that war is wrong, useless and the many other far worse things that experience has proved it to be. I do not imagine that you have accused the Church of any such retrograde conviction as to the glory or the efficacy of war. I presume then, that we are accused of being un-Christian because, in the event of war, some of our members would consent to fight. This is true. There are people who, while disclaiming the glory or the rightness of war, do not adopt an extreme Pacifist attitude and are not immediately condemned by the Church as unchristian. What then is our reason for not condemning them? Our attitude is not that of the fundamentalist who, when asked to justify his disapproval of the League of Nations, said: "Doesn't the Bible say, 'there shall be wars and rumours of wars' and who are we to stop them?" But it would be difficult to prove from the New Testament that our Lord never resorted to physical force in defence

of what was dear to Him. What about the incident known as The Cleansing of the Temple? What about "and He made a scourge of cords and cast all out of the Temple, . . . and He poured out the changers' money and overthrew their Tables." In spite of the appeal of "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild" and whether we like it or not, we have to admit that our Lord did such things in defence of what was of great value to Him, the purity of the Temple. What, then, is the difference in principle between defending your own against one man and against five million men? This is not an argument in favour of war or in favour of the passions which lead to war—it is merely an argument for not throwing out of the Church those who do not feel obliged to act in a way which is the logical conclusion of the extreme Pacifist point of view—an absolute refusal to fight in defence of anything or anyone, be it your creed, your country, your children or your wife.

Now for the Church's part in the last war, and in speaking of the Church, I mean the Anglican Church as being the only one in whose defence I am qualified to speak. Firstly, did the Church during the war use her pulpits for war propaganda? If by war propaganda is meant preaching the rightness and justice of warfare in general, we may say emphatically that she did not. If you mean, did she preach the necessity for defence, the answer is both "yes" and "no," simply because each Priest of the Church was allowed the freedom of his own convictions. It is obvious that some pulpits were used for war propaganda in the second sense, while it is equally obvious that others were used to preach the extreme Pacifist point of view. One thing is certain—it was no case of a State-paid Church forced to use her pulpits for recruiting purposes. As regards the more recent war in Abyssinia, the Church in England unhesitatingly condemns it and a consideration of the recent Church and State Commission, set up to enquire how the Church might run her own affairs, reveals her as unlikely to become the "toy" of the State in matters either of peace or of war. If, during the last war, "Christ, King and Country" meant killing and hatred, yesterday, to-day and to-morrow, "Self, Self and Self" mean killing and hatred—not only physical but mental and moral slaughter and it is against this slogan, the more dangerous for being unexpressed, that the Church stands. May I quote another correspondent: "The Pacifist has the complete and logical answer—abolish all armaments." I venture to differ—we still have our fists. The fact is that our scientific development has been more rapid than our moral and spiritual development and it is the Church which has the "complete and logical answer" in the cultivation of the fruit

of the Spirit which is "love, joy, peace—against which there is no law"—not even the seemingly irresistible natural law of human greed.

As regards the Church to-day finding herself "too bloated with rents from slum properties," the Church to-day does not find herself bloated with rents from anything, otherwise she would not be in such acute need for funds for the training of ordinands, neither would the Church of England Waifs and Strays Society be living from hand to mouth. We do not deny that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, who control Church finance, do own a large amount of land upon which there are slums. They are only the ground landlords however; this land has been let on long leases and overcrowding, caused by the failure of so many local authorities to deal with housing, added to the practice of sub-letting, has caused the rapid growth of slums in these areas. Now until these leases expire the property cannot be touched, but it must not be thought that the Church is sitting down comfortably and saying, "Well of course, it's not our responsibility—we can't touch the property now." She cannot be said to be in any way "passively acquiescing" in such a state of affairs. On the contrary, the rousing and making effectual of public opinion against the slums during the last twenty years has been done mostly by the Church; by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners themselves who in 1934 voted £1,000,000 for the rehousing of working people in London; by the 250 Public Utility Societies in the land, mostly founded and run by Church people and associations and backed by the Church Union; by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London and by the Bishop of Winchester in the House of Lords, by the Church Union Housing Association founded in 1933, which is dealing with the most difficult section of the problem, that of overcrowding and the provision of a home for eight people which shall be adequate for eight people; also by such Priests as Fr. Basil Jellicoe who started the S. Pancras Housing Society. Read "Ten years in a London Slum" and learn the impatience of the leaders of the Church against these conditions—read "Housing Happenings," the official organ of the S. Pancras Housing Society, and D. Cyril Garbett's book on slums and learn what is being done by the Church to-day.

We do not claim that all the leaders or members of our Church are perfect: we dare not disclaim that many have been in the past and are to-day unworthy of their calling. We can only ask you not to judge us by our black sheep. After all, what we mean by "the Church" is not only the body as it exists to-day—we also mean Christ and

S. Francis of Assissi, probably the only real socialists the world has ever known, we mean Fr. Damen of the Leper Islands, Desmond Morse-Boycott and his choir school in the heart of London's slums, Mrs. Cecil Chesterton and her homes for destitute women : we mean the parish priests in the distressed areas in the north, who are ministering and running second-hand clothing shops in places where physical privation saps nearly all spiritual perception and we also mean thousands of people who are honest and sincere and not afraid to admit the fact of sin and that the great actual social problem is the individual.

In the realisation of this fact and in the knowledge that with God all things are possible we dare to say that, if you care to, you may place your hope for the future in the Church.

F. TRAVIS.

To the Editor of the West Saxon.

SIR,

While on holiday recently in Denmark I came across the following interesting document. It seems to have been inserted into, or used as part of, the binding of the book in which I discovered it, and must have lain neglected in its dusty corner for the last umpteen centuries or so, at least. It seems to be a letter from one of Ælfred the Great's subjects protesting about a band of new-fangled minstrels who had invaded Wessex at that time. What follows is a hurried translation of my own :

"This shall to Ælfrede, Westsaxna cyninge,

DEAR SIRE,

It has often lately come to me in my mind how since your majesty came to the throne of the West Saxons our fair name has been foully dishonoured by a band of barbarous minstrels who have come over the sea to us island-dwellers from Ællingtune Lord, from a race long ago deprived of their mead-stools by Queen Grūnedige, who now reigns over them as a loyal vassal to your majesty. In escaping from the sway of their lawful queen they have brought with them many weird and uncouth instruments, foremost among these being the Trumpet, a seditious instrument, which men say is especially troublesome. Now sire, permit your humble bond-man to make use of some of the valuable space in your "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle" (may its circulation soar) to denounce this most foul, —, —, —y, and

—ing (defective, several holes burnt in MS.) product of a slave-race which they now propagate throughout England under the name of Hot Glee-staves.

O sire, when will there arise another Boadicea, or a second Grūnedige, to wash the wounds of the West Saxon people, and save our blighted name from such degradation? I ask you.

Eom, sire,

Eowers trothlice,

STOFAN NEONSENSE."

Were there not some people protesting against the "Wessex Rhythm Club"? Surely this document should convince them of the staleness of their revolt. I am at present, sir, deciphering what seems to be Alfred's answer to this curious letter, and this will be given to the world in due time; the difficulty is that there are so many gaps in the MSS., due mainly to large holes burnt in many places.

I am, sir,

Yours obediently,

W. S. B.

To the Editor, West Saxon.

SIR,

I stand for the indesinent glory of our language in its exuberant fullness. All who chafe at its present coarctation beneath the tumescent flesh of terms now in use, and yearn for the continued lustihood of our macrobiotic mother tongue, must make a foin with their djerrid in favour of Gammer English. Putid losels pick from thrasonical cinema blurbs and the refuse wiskets of other nations egregiously lax and evanid words, whose use is mental aphony, and suppeditate them to the British Behemoth. "Hot," "okey doke," "tough baby" and such malapert terms nauseate and appal us with a foreboding of the iniquation and ultimate coronach of substantial, staunch, sufficient English, which seems impenetrably torvid only to those whose leaden intellects are soaked in the sloppy anodynes of modern popular prose and speech.

Yours etc.,

PROCRUSTEAN.

FACULTY SOCIETY NOTES.

ENGINEERING.



HERE is, of course, no necessity to dwell too long on the success of the Engineers Carnival Dance held on December 14th, as all those present will readily agree. All members of this Faculty Society put their very heart and soul into organising this outstanding social event, and the "much maligned" Engineers feel that they have pulled their weight in trying to elevate the standard of dances and social gatherings in this College.

Firstly, we had 275 people present (without gatecrashers), and with a much improved band the evening went with a swing from that early hour—6.30.

Supper, served in Refec., was accompanied by the distribution of hats and hooters, and we were delighted to see some of the staid and orderly members of the College participating in the frivolities.

Later in the evening, the Professor of Engineering opened "The File Inn" with all due pomp and ceremony—although he was certainly dubious of the first free drink—and the barmen were kept busy until the end in quenching thirsts.

The Balloon Dance was followed by a Snowball fight, in which everybody joined, and streamers, illuminated sign, etc., added to the success of the evening, which came to a close with the time honoured waltz, and all went home—we hope—in excellent spirits (there was a profit on the bar in any case).

All difficulties were surmounted, even to balloon stringing—(copyright)—placing and driving the aeroplane propeller in the roof—a job of no mean ability—and illuminating the Covered Way.

We feel that a small Faculty Society has at least added another mighty "mite" to the welfare of the College, and, whilst thanking all those who helped, we hope other Faculty Societies will have similar success.

The Engineers enjoyed the snowfall in January, but were surprised—and disgusted—that there was no retaliation from other Faculty Societies.

The Engineers who will be journeying to the New Forest Survey Camp (Dibden Purlieu), extend a cordial invitation to anyone who cares to see nature in the raw, how we can brave the elements, and how WORK is carried on under any circumstances.



RUSSELL HALL.

THE second entertainment was held, after a postponement of one week, on the third Saturday of term, and we hope the enjoyment obtained by us, as hosts, was shared by our guests. We thank both Halls of the fairer sex for delightful evenings during this winter session.

Russell Hall men are still hoping to obtain their own room ; until then, we must remain in our army headquarters.

SOUTH STONEHAM HOUSE.

To be chronological we must record first the unqualified success of our entertainment, which on the first Saturday of term provided a climax to a week of hectic rehearsal. We enjoyed it all from the first rehearsal to the midnight canter down Woodmill Lane, and would like to thank our guests for their share in giving us such a good time.

Some queer turn of the wheel of Fate has left us to bear the brunt of the winter sports, and with boats, soccer and rugby in full training for their recent University fixtures, Stoneham has been full of flying figures whose outer garment is mud. We hope they reap their reward as there is something pathetically noble about a man in sports clothes doggedly eating his tea at 6.15 p.m. We have beaten Connaught Hall at ping pong on our table, which should provide a useful topic for conversation if we lose on theirs next week.

In spite of this spate of athletics we have maintained an interest in other walks of life. In matters political we can record a House Meeting, which in spite of the absence of seven fourth-year men did nothing more revolutionary than aiding and abetting a social reformer in the partial suppression of card-playing. In matters social our Chairman made history by singing at the entertainment, and we can look with pride on the versatility and achievements of our Vice-Chairman. We have frequently pointed out to our Secretary the social duties which his office entails and would like to think that we were responsible for his spending $\frac{1}{4}$ hour at the Union Ball and 45 minutes at the Arts Dance, but there may have been some other reason.

In matters communal the flame burns brightest in the room where three typewriters rattle out the printer's copy of "*Wessex News*" in a blasphemous haste worthy of a great newspaper.

And finally, lest you should mistake all this healthy activity for anything but its true self, we can honestly state that the epitome of Stoneham is the calm unruffled dignity of the graduates who are perpetually writing essays for "last Thursday."





LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.



IN January 31st we were visited by a team of Irish Debaters, and as this was the first time such a team had visited this College, there was a good attendance. Mr. McCrudden of Queen's College, Belfast and Mr. O'Connell of the National University, Dublin, contended that "The Englishman has all the characteristics of a poker without its occasional warmth." The proposition was stoutly denied by Mr. Geddes and Miss Foster, and in spite of Mr. McCrudden's claim that the arguments of the opposition were all useless froth, which could be blown away quite easily, the motion was lost by 73 votes to 28.

Seventeen delegates attended the Inter. Varsity Debate held at College on the 7th of February. The motion "That our pursuit of amusement is exaggerated and too promiscuous" did not call forth a high degree of debating talent. The first speaker for the proposition was the most popular, whilst the other main speakers were more serious in tone. Apart from one brilliant exception, the speeches from the floor were not inspiring.

Mr. Geddes went to an Inter. Varsity Debate, organised by the University of London Union, and opposed the motion "That too many books spoil the Prof." Mr. Ruffell visited Leeds on the 21st of February, where he proposed the motion "That the breaking of Convention is a Service to Mankind."

POLITICAL CLUB.

This Club, designed to cater for political discussion of an open and intelligent kind in comparatively large meetings, has entered a new phase of existence. The average attendance has fallen from 70 to about 20 for all but extraordinary meetings, and opinion about the Club seems to be roughly of two schools, those who argue that it languishes because it is not a militant or active body, and those who declare that the small group is the proper medium for discussion, and not the large meeting. Actually it would seem that the novelty of a club which bade fair to become a College institution has worn off and that, temporarily, the Political Club is suffering from that general apathy in matters argumentative which has so sorely stricken the Debating Society.

Believing as we do that there is room for critical investigation of political data from *all* points of view, and that action and propaganda are more appropriate to other and more sectarian bodies, and holding also that discussion confined to the small group is already provided by the mere facts of College life and the existence of small societies, we feel that the Political Club of the past four sessions is necessary to the sessions immediately before us. The call for action without knowledge or critical opinion is a menace to democracy and real freedom. At the last meeting of the Club, held jointly with the Debating Society, it was held that "the Students' Union should *not* take an active part in politics;" if that means, or could comprehend, that the student body *should*, on the other hand, take a critical interest in politics, then the Political Club can furnish, what propaganda and resolutions in themselves and alone never can, a sound platform for critical citizenship.

We have had a witty paper by Mr. Akroyd, speeches by Parliamentary candidates, a Chairman's address, and meetings to consider resolutions concerning Abyssinia and Education. And we look forward with pleasure to an address by Herr Köntges on "National Socialism and the University of Heidelberg."

SOCIALIST SOCIETY.

Apart from the Saturday morning meetings of the Discussion Group which have been regularly held this term, the Society so far has had few meetings. This feature is already well established, but deserves more support. At present, Mr. P. W. S. Andrews is giving

a series of talks on the Economics of Socialism, which it is hoped will provide the non-economists with more material while affording all an opportunity for discussion which should clarify particular problems to be solved. Thus Mr. Andrews in his first talk emphasised the need to get beyond mere criticism of the existing order.

As to other meetings, Mr. Bagwell spoke on February 13th on "The Paradox of Capitalism," using the Marxian analysis and showed that the necessity of making profits drives Capitalism towards Fascism and War. On February 20th, in co-operation with the Education Society, a meeting was held at which Councillor J. Matthews spoke on the present bill to raise the school-leaving age, and proved this a wholly inadequate measure for putting through the educational reforms recommended by the Hadow Committee, which was begun under the 1930 Labour Government but shelved during the National Government's economy campaign of 1931.

For the future, we are looking forward to the visit of Ralph Fox on the 10th, and the performance in the Assembly Hall of Eisensteins' film "General Line" on the 12th of March, which we hope will secure support.

CHess CLUB.

In the Southampton Chess League our 'A' team has met with varying success. Last term the final result was fairly satisfactory, but this term play has improved so that we confidently expect to maintain (at least) our good position on the League Table. Our 'B' team, promoted this year to Division I, has had no startling success, but at the same time it gives excellent training to embryo 'A' players. The Robertson Cup Championship has still to be decided, and having entered the semi-final we live in hope. At the forthcoming Lightning Chess Tournament we intend to try and repeat last year's performance and carry off first prize.

As regards our College activities, the John Lewis Cup Championship has stimulated considerable interest and the final round should provide a very good game.

Mr. R. G. Duce is giving us a series of lunch-hour talks which should not only enable us to play scientifically but also help us to enjoy the game more.

The frequency of play in the Men's Common Room testifies to the popularity of Chess and promises well for future players. Incidentally, isn't the Mixed Common Room more comfortable?

WESSEX RHYTHM CLUB.

Last term witnessed the formation of a club for the appreciation of Swing Music in common with many other clubs throughout the country.

In its initial stages, the venture appeared tremendously popular, and no time was lost in electing a committee, with, we are pleased to say Mr. Ackroyd, B.A., as chairman. Having overcome many obstacles, such as a comfortable rendezvous with radiogram and a convenient meeting time, we are holding fortnightly Sunday meetings at the Cowherds Tea Room from 5.30—7.30 p.m.

The meetings have taken the form of interesting record recitals, followed by entertaining programmes of Rhythm Music very kindly given by many local professional bands, who have generously entered whole-heartedly into the spirit of the meetings, and we take this opportunity of thanking one and all.

Among those who have visited us are:—Gil Hulme, Brian Gorman, Johnny Reid and their bands, Denis Stevens and Raymond Till. Record recitals have been given by Bert Osborne, Basil Simmons and Charles Baker of the Southampton Rhythm Club, and J. Peard from the Portsmouth Club.

We are delighted that "Spike" Hughes has accepted the Presidency; he is the only successful British Composer of music in the Negro idiom.

Even more ambitious programmes are planned for the Summer term, when we hope to have several well-known critics from London visit us. Success can only be ensured by your unqualified support. So far, unfortunately, this has been eclipsed by that of town visitors.

Such an enterprising club as ours needs more than luke-warm support if it is to continue in existence.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

The policy of the committee in importing most of the Society's lecturers from other Universities, and of developing more outside activities, seems to have borne good fruit, and the added revenue obtained from an increased membership will, it is hoped, allow the same policy to be continued.

This term Mr. E. C. Willatts of the London School of Economics has illustrated the valuable results of the work of the Land Utilisation Survey as applied to the London Basin, and Mr. A. E. Moodie gave

a most stimulating and well illustrated account of Field Work undertaken last year in N.E. Spain. Professor E. G. R. Taylor and Professor C. B. Fawcett, both of London University, are giving the remaining two lectures of this term.

With regard to other activities, the Society organised a showing of Geographical Films on February 26th, to which teachers and others from the surrounding counties were invited, while negotiations are already in progress with the Cunard-White Star Company for a visit to the 'Queen Mary' next term.

Finally, in conformity with the prevailing fashion, the Society now has a brand new and, it is hoped, a workable constitution.

L. W. MAIDMENT.

TOC H.

'Happy is the country that has no history.' Perhaps that may be applied to Societies as well, and we hope it gives a true picture of Toc H this term. Our new Jobmaster is making certain that we are all fully occupied, while the Treasurer is finding that subscriptions are coming in more freely than usual. Meetings have not been so well attended as last session, though Captain Bowyer with his yarns of his life as a pilot and Dr. Lawton, telling us yet again of his life as a prisoner of war, gave us some delightful evenings.

L. W. MAIDMENT.





SOCGER CLUB.

THE remaining fixtures of last term showed a distinct improvement in the Club all round. The first team in particular showed a revival of form, and has not suffered any further defeats since last term's notes appeared. The results of this term's matches have been even more pleasing than the remaining few before Christmas, and the team must be congratulated on some very fine achievements.

Passing over the galaxy of goals obtained when a local team arrived unexpectedly, the first important match was against R.A.F., Calshot, at Swaythling. The team played soundly all round, and Hayle made personal history by scoring the four goals for College, to which Perry, Calshot's star centre-forward could reply only once.

This well merited victory was followed up by an even better feat, when Saints 'A' visited us, and were beaten 2—1, both goals being scored by Turnbull.

These two victories put the team in a happy frame of mind for the Bristol match. Although in an apparently hopeless position for the Southern Championship, it was realised that by defeating Bristol by five goals, U.C.S. could snatch the title from Bristol. Such a victory was indeed remote when it is considered that Bristol had defeated Exeter by 8—2, who had in turn beaten us 5—1! Nevertheless, encouraged by the previous results, Coll. determined to go all out for it, and it is to their undying glory that they failed in their objective by one goal only. The forwards were in devastating form, and outplayed the Bristol defence time and time again. Only Reed's brilliant goal-keeping kept the score down, and, in some measure, the over-excitement of the forwards themselves. Bristol however, had scored in a break away, and with the College scoring their fifth

in the last few minutes, excitement was running high. Bristol packed their goal well however, and conceded no more, thereby qualifying for the semi-final themselves.

This great improvement in the forward line has allowed the defence to become much steadier since they are not under such continual pressure. It has also encouraged Bullock to playing the attacking centre half game more, which is responsible to a great extent for the increased "punch" in the attack. Turnbull has found his ideal partner in Blackett, and these two form an exceedingly dangerous wing. This great improvement augurs well for the remaining matches of the season.

The second and third elevens have been unfortunate in having a number of matches scratched recently, but although the seconds continue to be very keen and are playing good football, the third team is almost extinct. Although the nucleus of the team is keen enough, yet the odd few necessary to make up the team are continually crying off, a very bad sign, which is unfortunately only too typical of a large section of the College community. This lack of enthusiasm has meant a number of scratchings, and it appears that in future seasons it will be useless to go to the bother and expense of arranging third team fixtures.

V. G. ROBSON, *Hon. Sec.*

CROSS COUNTRY CLUB.

So far this term only three matches have been run. This has been due to the fact that twice our opponents have cancelled the match.

The team itself has been dogged by bad luck, since owing to illness it has been impossible to run our best team.

The Quadrangular has been the most important match and in this Bagwell made a very praiseworthy effort; unfortunately he mistook the finishing line and was beaten in the last 10 yards or so by a Bristol man. Nevertheless, the team improved its last year's position.

This term we have also been able to run a second team and it is hoped that they will continue the improvement they have shown so far.

RESULTS.

- H. Quadrangular—Exeter, Bristol, U.C.S., Reading.
- A. King Alfred's College, Reading—K.A.C., Reading, U.C.S.
- H. R.A.F., Calshot—Won by 34—44 points.

FENCING CLUB.

Much interest is being taken in the newly formed Fencing Club, and since membership is open to both sexes we should like to see more people taking advantage of this splendid opportunity to learn the art of fencing.

We are fortunate in having two expert coaches who devote considerable time to the welfare of the Club.

We have already been recognised by the Athletic Union as a College Club and we hope to arrange fixtures in the near future.

We expect to be able to practise at College very soon and no doubt there will be more than one form of entertainment in the Glen during the Summer Term.

TENNIS CLUB.

It may seem somewhat early in the year for Tennis Club notes ; however, several points of interest have arisen during the term.

For example, a new departure is being made this year, in the organisation of Handicap 'Tournaments' in addition to the usual Scratch events. Already a 'Tournaments' Committee, whose main task will be the somewhat onerous one of handicapping, has been elected, and entry lists will be open before the end of term. These events should be of interest to players of all capabilities.

This season, too, there will be regular 2nd teams ; complete fixture lists for these have been arranged.

The new hard courts, which will, of course, be ready before the Summer Term, will make possible a considerable improvement in the standard of play. We hope that not only members of the Club, but everyone, will take full advantage of them, and help to make this a record tennis season.

BADMINTON CLUB.

The Badminton Club has been meeting as regularly as possible throughout the session, and the team has acquitted itself passably in the matches they have played so far, though there is still room for the improvement we are sure will take place as they settle down.

We are considerably hampered, however, by the lack of proper facilities. The activities of other Societies make regular play difficult and the Hall is not all that it might be.

In spite of these difficulties, the Club is more vigorous than it has been in the past, with a keen membership. We sincerely invite any who think that "Badminton is a nice quiet game," as one man was heard to say, to come and be disillusioned.



